

Fifty Cents the Year --- Nine Numbers

The Forestonian

Vol. III

Mount Vernon, Wash.

No. 3

THANKSGIVING

In those simple, artless days of old,
'Ere tales of a Thanksgiving day were told,
When the resonance of the woodman's stroke,
Spoke servitude to the giant oak,
When the rich reward of the earth was reaped
And the logs in the fireplace high were heaped
Amid a harvest of golden corn
Our first Thanksgiving day was born.

When the first, light snows of winter pressed
The barren form of the mountain crest,
Within those pilgrim homes below
Around the firelight's ruddy glow,
To the God whose mercy led them there,
They humbly knelt and breathed a prayer
Of sincere gratitude and praise,
For his guidance dear, thru all their days.

To thee, O God, anew we raise
That monument of ancient praise;
From thee whose mercy lingers still,
We seek to know thy holy will.
Accept the gratitude of heart
We offer thee, to repay in part
The debt we owe for the joy of living
To see another glad Thanksgiving.

---Marian Heywood

DECEMBER 1914

Select your hat for its character and style

If you want eminent respectability, yet with the proper touch of seasonable style, then by all means buy one of our new



MALLORY HATS

They represent the acme of good taste in style and may be relied upon for excellence of materials and workmanship.

The new "Mallory" colors in soft hats are unusually attractive.

Moldstad & Company

"The Store with a Conscience"

The Forestonian

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EVERY DAY A THANKSGIVING DAY

Ralph Conard

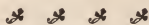
THE year had been one of hardship. The long New England winter, with its bleak winds and heavy snows had well nigh chilled the ardor of the stoutest Pilgrim heart. Want was a guest too frequent, and there was scarce a family but had one vacant chair. Theirs had been no happy portion---no pathway strewn with flowers. Yet thru it all there was a faith in One Unseen, and with the springtime was born a new courage and autumn saw fulfillment of their hopes. Nature had dealt bountifully with them. Storehouse and barn were filled to overflow.

It was then in remembrance for the favors of the year that joyful thanks was returned to the Giver of all. The hardships and sorrows of the winter were forgotten, and naught but the mercies of God were had in mind. Each succeeding year brot round its store of blessing and called forth renewed thanksgiving. Even now a day remains, tho not always kept in the Pilgrim way, turning our minds back over the year that is gone.

Blind indeed is he, who in his retrospect finds naught for praise. The new year begins and ages day by day. In mercy One Above keeps watch by day and night. Food, raiment and protecting hand he gives. 'Tis true

these come by sweat of brow, but this itself is blessing. That which we work for we appreciate the more--- bread dearly bought is sweeter. Each evening brings us needed sleep, thru which the the angels guard us. A new day dawns, we wake refreshed to seek some new endeavor. At week-end comes the promised rest---a Sabbath filled with blessing.

Shall we then wait thruout the year before we thank the Giver? Would not the year be better spent if we make each day "thanksgiving?"



POWER TRANSMISSION

Maude Johnson

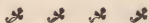
AMONG the wonderful developments of this mechanical age, our devices for transmitting power over long distances hold an important place. Years ago the water power of our streams was utilized for the running of mills, but the mills were situated directly over the waterfall, or near enough to get their power by means of shafts or belts connected with the waterwheel. See how our age has improved upon the crude mills of our grandfathers. By using the electric current, generated at the falls of the Connecticut, the Niagara, or the great Mississippi, not to mention scores of other rivers, the magnificent forces of these waters are now transmitted on wires running for hundreds of miles in every direction.

Electric transmission of energy is so common today that most of us employ it for light, heat, or transportation without a thought of the distant dynamo from which it is derived.

So it is with intellectual power. "Knowledge is power" today just as truly as in the day that Bacon wrote his famous maxim. We all need the power that is knowledge, but no one has the facilities for getting all his knowledge at first hand. Our own dynamo does not generate the amount or the kind of knowledge that we must have. Most of our own knowledge, we must confess, is imparted to us by those with whom we associate; a large and influential part of our knowledge has to be imparted from distant times and places---from people whom we have never seen or heard of. This power is transmitted to us thru the printed page---literature, in a word. The supply is like our vast water power, practically inexhaustible, but we should select the best from the wealth of books and periodicals that claim our attention.

It has been said: "The best service a man can do for his generation is to fling himself whole-heartedly into any necessary work;" which if we are to do, how imperative is the necessity of getting all the power available from every source that can contribute to our working efficiency. How futile to grind out each day's work with our own little mill while the very air we breathe is electrified by the lines of power that emanate from

thousands of sources that are ours if we will only "connect up."



YOUR ONE TALENT

Marie L. Young

WE hear much about the parable of the talents---how the Master gave ten unto the servant in whom he saw the ability to improve them. We remember the sentence pronounced upon the unfaithful steward to whom had been given one talent; but who feared, and hid it away. There is one talent that everyone has; and, whether or not it is the only one, it is an important one; and if neglected must be accounted for; that is the ability, no matter where you are standing, to lift.

Be a lifter! There are men and women by the score who are willing to sit back and fold their hands. They are in the church; they are in the Young People's Society---they may be in heaven; but if there are any starless crowns they will surely be found on the heads of those who have neglected this talent.

If it is earthly laurels you seek then look at the lives of those whose followers you are---those who have worn honor's wreath---and you will find them to have been men and women actively doing their part thruout life.

The motto is an excellent one which reads, "If a thing can't be cured it must be endured." In that the

word "can't" is such a scarce word, this motto leaves plenty of room for lifting.

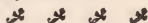
If this is your last year of school don't decide to become a lifter next year, for

There's no time to start like the present,

There's no place like just where you stand.

If you see a break in the ranks where a comrade has fallen, step in; load your musket of ability with a double charge of ambition and you will not only intensify your own interest in the battle but also enthuse your fellow-men, and the victory will begin to be assured.

Life will be made a little sweeter and the world a little purer for your stay in it.



WHY I CAME TO FOREST HOME

Gertrude Nelson

THIS is my first experience at a private school. I have always attended public schools and have enjoyed them very much. Yet I had thot that some time in the future I would attend an academy such as Forest Home, but the thot (not to be overlooked) of leaving my many friends and the school grown dear to me by the many pleasant and sometimes unpleasant experiences, arose as a barrier before me.

Tho the school I left was large and well equipped, yet I found it hard for a person who is trying to be a Christian to attend public school. The willpower may be ever so strong, yet in time the influence which one is

placed under will make a deep impression. Under a worldly atmosphere one loses his respect for religion and it seems of minor importance, while the amusements and frivolities of the world shine out with an intoxicating glare before us.

I was very much undecided as to where my school duties were to be taken up this year until I met Professor Baber at camp-meeting. His interests were, of course, with Forest Home Academy, and he urged me to leave high school and come here where I could be among Christian associates. I went home fully decided to cast my lot with the "Forestonians."

Only a few days of preparation: then came the day for departure.

Tho under the deepest protest from my friends and with some little regret on my part, my room-mate-to-be and myself left the city at noon and arrived at the beautiful little city of Mt. Vernon about two-fifty-five p. m. It had been raining hard most of the day and was still raining when the school team drove up, which was to convey us to our destination.

A ride of two and one-half miles thru the rain brought us in view of Forest Home Academy. I was indeed delighted with the prospects before me and, tho I have been here quite a while, I have never regretted that I came; for I am getting what I could not get in a public school, no matter how well equipped it may be: a true Christian education.

TRUTHFULNESS

TRUTHFULNESS is a trait of character of which almost all claim to be possessors, yet few of us realize the real value of being true to ourselves, to our friends, and those with whom we come in contact.

Cyrus, king of Babylon, was once asked, "What is the greatest lesson to learn in life?" His reply was, "To tell the truth," and indeed it is so. But it takes determination, a will of flint, to follow out the injunction at all times and under all circumstances. The characters of history who were deficient of the principles of truth have proven worthless, their religion vain and empty as idocy itself.

The one who hopes to achieve success in worldly pursuits (as well as in religious) must make truth his first thot in the daily pursuits of life, in every act, in every word or intimation.

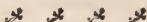
In all the relations of life truth is an unquestionable test of success, and the only means by which we may ascertain the true worth of a man. Consider it as you may, it is of all things, the one thing eternal and everlasting. No earthly power can destroy it. Altho one may coin a lie against you, the truth stands firm and undaunted.

Truth is supernatural in its power; in its possessions; and with obedience to it man will attain control of self, and success in life.

Only when you follow error are you weak. Truth

crowns you lord of all. It conquers kingdoms and proclaims you king by its own undaunted power. Its acquirement is one mighty step upward on the ladder of perfection. By its uncomprehended power, we exchange disease for health, chaos for wisdom, and "the slime of the snail for the wings of the eagle, the puny weakness of the pygmy for the strength of a giant."

J. J D.



FOREST HOME

Within these walls we oft contend
With lessons hard to learn;
But these we master in the end,
And just rewards do earn.

'Tis here we, day by day,
Our char'cters mould to stand
Temptations leading us astray
From paths to that fair land.

And when our tasks are finished here
And far away we roam;
Still to us will be most dear
The thots of Forest Home.

R. O. K.



F. H. A. Music Students

The Forestonian

Issued Monthly by the Students of Forest Home Academy

Ed. F. Degering, Editor

Regenia O. Kearns,

Virgil C. Becraft,

Lillie G. Shafer,

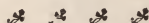
Jess. J. Degering,

Associate Editors

Managers

Entered as second-class matter December 10, 1912, at the post office at Mount Vernon Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

We are glad to give a portion of our space to the Rhetoric class, and hope that thru this department you will become better acquainted with the work that is being done at Forest Home.

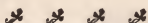


It has been remarked that The Forestonian is too small, and we are glad indeed that such a remark might be cast. We would much rather that it be too small than too large; for we realize that the diamond, altho small, has a greater value than the larger gems. So too, we believe that the reading matter in The Forestonian is of more real value than that contained in many larger magazines.

We admit that we are not writers. We do not profess to be. We are only students in school, learning and anxious to learn; yet we are proud of The Forestonian and the articles that appear in it.

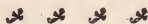
Altho the paper could easily be enlarged by copying, we adhere to the policy of the founders, a very wise

policy, that all articles published in The Forestonian should appear in print for the first time; therefore, when you read The Forestonian you are reading something that you have never read before, yet something that you can not afford to miss.



"Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is; than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith" is only another way of saying, "Life is what we make it."

If we are willing to work, to toil diligently, to plod over the "sour mud swamps of ones existence" for the benefit of the needy and suffering about us; if we are willing to sacrifice our own selfish desires in order to help some oppressed soul that is barely lingering in the gloomy realms of existence; if we are willing to endure that "agony of bloody sweat" (of which Christ himself partook), for the benefit of humanity; then will our career, what we have achieved for humanity and gained for ourselves, be stamped on the eternal records in never fading letters.



Rubies can be secured only by good hard digging.

It takes much Divineness to cover up the beast in humanity.

We are not looking for new things to do, but a better way of doing what has been done.

EVIDENCES OF AN EDUCATION

Ed. Altman

Evidences of an education are what? First, what is education? Education is a harmonious development of all the activities of an individual, whether physical, mental or spiritual. The training and development of an entire organism in an orderly way. Then what is proof, or testimony, of an education?

We need not go hither and thither to find an educated person, his conversation will show it. He does not need to stand on a street corner and tell everyone he sees or meets.

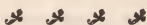
But does an education mean to be learned in science or history alone? No, it means to have our activities developed not only in a physical way, but developed in physical, mental, and spiritual ways.

How are we to become developed in all these ways? We can become developed in a physical way by physical exercise; we can become developed in a mental way by mental exercise, or study; we can become developed in a spiritual way by spiritual exercise.

We must do all we can to develop our physical, mental, and spiritual activities. The Holy Book says that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. Then we must study His Word as much and more than we study history and science. We must become more acquainted with God's will toward us, in order to develop our spiritual activities. These spiritual activ-

ities should come first in our program of development, and the others, which are secondary, will closely follow. When we study about God's creative power and of his wonderful work in creating such solid masses out of nothing; and of small particles, of which, the greatest of the great may be created by his wonderful power, our spiritual and mental activities are becoming developed. The study of these topics and of God's Word, so that we may expound them unto others, is truly an evidence of an education.

We need not write a series of books, a famous history or biographical sketch of some great general, to show evidences of on education. But by living good Christian lives and by leading others to Christ, we employ our mental, physical and spiritual powers, and thereby show to the world that the spiritual evidences of an education are not amiss.



POWER

T. Bartholomew

Power is temptation mastered. Back of every trial that assails us is a certain amount of power. It is our blessed privilege and duty to acquire the power by overcoming the trial. The man who does not overcome is a double loser. He loses the power he might have had to overcome the next temptation, and also becomes weaker to cope with the tempter. Let us not sell this heaven-offered power to the adversary, by allowing trials to overcome us.

Miss Hollenbeck is filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Moore.

The poem "Evening Song" published in the November issue, was contributed by Miss A. Della Moore.

The supply to the October issue is exhausted so it will be impossible to furnish this issue to subscriptions that have reached us late.

Reuben Nelson spent several days at the Academy visiting with his brother and sister, Professor and Miss Gertrude Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kearn and Baby Alice have for the past ten days been the guests of his mother, Mrs. H. L. Kearn.

A Thanksgiving program was given in place of the usual literary society, Saturday evening the 19th, which was much enjoyed by all.

A party was given at the home of Prof. and Mrs. D. D. Rees, Saturday evening, October 7, in honor of their daughter Miss Virginia's 16th birthday.

Miss Pearl Houde was called to Seattle the first of the month on account of the illness of her sister. Mrs. James Barrett is filling the position of matron during her absence.

So far this year, stumps have been flying in all directions, as the result of blasting on the school farm,

and as this number goes to press, the back meadow is being plowed.

Owing to lack of heat in the new building the past few days, the classes have been held in the dormitories. We are sure, however, that the present work on the main will put it in shape for the colder weather that will soon greet us.

Miss Boomer has accepted the position of assistant teacher in the Primary Department. Miss Bell was called upon to assist Professor Baber with his class work, therefore leaving the greater portion of the seventh and eighth grades under Miss Lofgren's supervision.

Miss Moore, our former music teacher, because of ill health, has been forced to resign her position and seek a year's rest. Her students and friends gathered in the dining room Monday evening, November 16, to enjoy a pleasant evening in her company. We sincerely hope that we may welcome her to Forest Home again next year.

Thanksgiving day is almost here. How quickly time passes! It seems but a few short days since we celebrated Thanksgiving in 1913. To be sure, the past year has brot its sorrows and trials; but each of us have much for which to be thankful. We can at least be thankful that we have been permitted to come to Forest Home this year and that The Forestonian is still in circulation.

KOZY KORNER

Home made candies of all
kinds for Thanksgiving

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sanitary conditions and
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pure

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GOODS ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

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Soups, meats and vegetables, cooked and ready to serve.

We have everything in this line that you may require and at prices that will appeal to the most conservative buyers.

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Eyes Hurt Head Ache

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YOU NEED
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LET US EXAMINE and
SEE---Costs You Nothing
to Find Out

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Jeweler

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It does not pay to jump haphazardly in the matter of selecting a piano---you have too much at stake, money and future satisfaction.

We guarantee every instrument we sell.---We sell the very best pianos made in the world, at as low or lower prices than you can procure similar instruments for elsewhere---and upon terms to suit your convenience.



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RANGE MADE

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"Make Your Cooking a Daily Pleasure"

YOUR OLD RANGE TAKEN
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Davis Hardware Co.

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**FOR THE
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ALSO WHITE OR YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS

SEND YOUR ORDER IN EARLY

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DR. W. M. KING

**Dental Parlors across
from Post Office**

Mt. Vernon, Wash.

Your mouth is a mint. By your words you are coining a character. Are you making it true and genuine? Are you making it all and even more than you claim it to be? Or, are you simply making a counterfeit?---Ed.